THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 155 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · AUGUST 15, 1942 NUMBER 7

What Gandhi Wants

BY LOUIS FISCHER

LORD LINLITHGOW, Viceroy of India, said to me: "Gandhi is the biggest thing in India." Now he has ordered Gandhi's arrest. I think all of us will have to pay for this. Trouble in India means prolongation of the war. It is therefore America's business.

Shortly after the British were driven out of Burma, General Alexander, the commander of the British army in Burma, gave an interview to the press in New Delhi, India. The text of the interview was printed the next day in the Indian papers. "Burma must be reconquered," Alexander said. "It is part of the British empire." Just imagine how this must thrill the Chinese soldiers who are at bay in Burma or the American pilots who are flying over Burma or the Indian troops who would have to retake Burma: they fight to give Burma back to the British empire. Yet Alexander expressed what he felt. He is battling for empire.

General Sir Archibald Wavell, now British Commander-in-Chief in India, takes a few moments occasionally to continue work on the second volume of his biography of General Allenby under whom he fought in the first world war. Wavell gave me part of the manuscript to read. One chapter deals with the 1922 crisis when Allenby threatened to resign as High Commissioner of Egypt unless the British protectorate over Egypt were dropped and independence granted to the Egyptians. In brilliant prose reflecting a deep grasp of politics, Wavell described Allenby's struggle with the British Cabinet in London. Prime Minister Lloyd George, Foreign Secretary Curzon, Milner, and other ministers opposed him. But of all the opponents of Egyptian independence, Wavell writes, "the most determined had been Winston Churchill" who was then in the cabinet.

Churchill led the opposition in the House of Commons against the 1935 Act of India under which India was ruled until the outbreak of this war and which granted some limited measure of self-government to India.

Churchill is a good imperialist by temperament, tradition, and conviction. So is the Secretary of State for India, Mr. Amery. He told me so. Neville Chamberlain was an appeaser because he was afraid that if England became involved in a war, his England, the England of money and privilege, would die. He was probably right. But Churchill says, No, England can fight a war and win it and remain his old England. Churchill's England includes India.

We must be very clear that Gandhi's civil-disobedience move is not merely a matter of whether the police are stronger than the Indian nationalists. It raises the whole question of what we are fighting for. In my talks with Mahatma Gandhi in his village of Sevagram, central India, I said we wanted the world to be a better place after the war. He replied, "I am not sure it will be. I would like to see right now a change in the heart of England and in the heart of America. Then I may believe your statements about the future." Gandhi has confronted us with the problem of our moral position in the war.

If the British wish to imply that Gandhi is pro-Japanese they may do so; it only makes a settlement in India more difficult. Gandhi is not pro-Japanese or pro-Axis. He is pro-British, he is pro-Chinese, he is pro-American. He wants us to win the war. But he does not think we can win it unless we enlist the support of Indians by purifying our war aims.

Jawaharlal Nehru, who actively demonstrated his anti-fascist attitude in relation to Abyssinia, Loyalist Spain, and China, agrees with Gandhi on this matter. I was present at an open-air meeting in a park on the outskirts of Bombay addressed by Nehru. A crowd of some 30,000 men dressed mostly in white and women in bright sarees gathered to hear what he spoke into the microphone. Before long a group of Communists yelled: "This is a people's war." Now Communists are always well-disciplined and purposeful and they came to that meeting either to disrupt it or to impress their views on it by repeated interruptions. After their first shout, one

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immediately sensed the hostility of the audience towards them, and Nehru simply said: "If you think this is a people's war go and ask the people." Thereafter the Communists shut up.

I think it is a people's war, but the leaders and people of India see no proof thereof in the behavior of their rulers, and the arrest of Gandhi will certainly not incline them to see it that way.

On my travels in India, I spent a night and morning in the same railway compartment with a Bengali Moslem, an officer in the Indian Air Force which is, of course, a British air force. He had volunteered two years ago. I have never heard more violent denunciations of the British than from him. "I am told," I probed, "that the people of Bengal are pro-Japanese." Bengal, with a population of 60,000,000, is the province which the Japanese will probably invade first if they do invade India. "No," replied the airman. "If you pardon me, that is not the correct way of putting it. But we have been slaves so long that many do not mind who their master is."

Practically every Englishman I talked to in India realized that the country had never been as anti-British as it is today. The causes may be manifold and subject to dispute. The fact is indisputable.

This is the problem—whether we like it or not, and it is not solved by maligning Gandhi in America or imprisoning him in Poona. There was no Gandhi in Burma, yet the civilian population, the British admit, helped the Japanese.

Wavell said to me that in Burma 80 per cent of the population were indifferent to the war, 10 per cent were pro-British, and 10 per cent were pro-Japanese. That may be correct. But the 10 per cent who were pro-British fled to India while the 10 per cent who were pro-Japanese stayed to show the Japanese forces shortcuts across difficult terrain, to lead them to British warehouses, to feed them and to create the friendly atmosphere which facilitated the invader's progress.

Both the Gandhi Congress and Mohammed Ali Jinnah's Moslem League have publicly resolved not to cooperate with the British in the war effort. Some Moslem leaders might have wished to stand by the empire, but the war is too unpopular in India for them to risk advocating such a policy. In the circumstances, the primary task of the British governments in London and New Delhi should have been to court Indian civilian support. Cripps tried it. But he did not enjoy the collaboration of some key British politicians. In any case, he failed.

Another attempt should have been made. Gandhi and Nehru and other Congress leaders were ready to make far-reaching concessions. The British knew this because they watched Gandhi openly reduce his demands. First he asked the British to go bag and baggage. Later he said they and the United States could keep their armed forces in India and use India as a base for military operations against the Axis. This and similar equally clear developments told the British that agreement with Congress was possible through compromise. But the British seem to have closed their hearts and minds. From what many of them said to me I am convinced that they have decided that Gandhi's influence is waning and this is a golden opportunity to break his power. The present is a queer time indeed for such a dangerous experiment.

Is this to be the second front—the front against Gandhi? Perhaps, after their many defeats in the field, the British can actually win a victory over Gandhi. I do not know. He is a tough, shrewd, and strong customer, and India is in an ugly mood. But if the British do crush the Gandhi movement what have they achieved? India will be bitter, sullen, and resentful and an easier prey to Japan and Germany. If they crush Gandhi then one of our biggest successes in this war for democracy and freedom will be the smashing of a great world-known movement for democracy and freedom.

Many experts wonder whether the United Nations have enough armed force to hold India against an Axis push. There may be no invasion of India. But if it came, the active and passive aid of the Indian people might improve the chances of resistance. We are not so strong as to afford to throw away such help.

British officials in India told me that they did not believe Indian cooperation would be of much avail in case of invasion. That may explain their readiness to strike at Gandhi when they should be preparing to strike at the foreign enemy. But they have made too many mistakes recently in handling military and civilian problems in the East for us to trust their judgment.

Can anything be done now? I think yes. Gandhi is not at all vindictive. He would forgive the British if they released him, and he would negotiate with them with a view to supporting the war. Nehru said at a meeting: "I would fight Japan sword in hand." But, he added, he could only do so as a free man. That is the crux of the situation.

It is difficult, however, to imagine the British suddenly generating the suppleness of policy and the subtlety of brain to alter their course without a potent prod from the outside. Only the United States could make such a move. Of course Washington can take the position that this is the British empire's private business. It is, admittedly, a delicate matter. India is the British empire. But America has armed forces there, and if India becomes a battlefield it will be a serious matter for us whether the ground is solid rock or a soft mire. Besides —and this is not the least consideration—India is an acid test of the sincerity of America's purpose in fighting this costly war.

[*In later issues of* The Nation, *Louis Fischer will discuss the failure of the Cripps mission and other phases of the Indian situation.*]

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The Shape of Things

THE TRAGIC PATTERN REPEATS ITSELF IN India: provocation is met by repression; repression breeds rebellion; rebellion is crushed by force. The old pattern—but in a new, ominous setting of total war with the United Nations facing their most desperate crisis. The outcome can only be catastrophe. India in revolt, held down by British troops, is an open invitation to Japan. Can anything be done? At this moment there is little profit in apportioning blame. The Congress leaders have allowed their old distrust of British to half-blind them to the total, unmitigated slavery that faces their country and the world under Axis rule. The British have too easily abandoned the effort, implicit in the Cripps mission, to overcome this distrust by every available means, without regard to "face" or traditional counsels of caution. But what matters today is not past mistakes; what matters is the chance of preserving India against chaos and terror—and ultimate conquest by Japan. We join Louis Fischer in pleading for final effort to reopen negotiations between the British authorities and the Indian leaders. We beg the President to intervene and offer his services as mediator between the leaders of the Indian parties and the government of India. If he made his offer in collaboration with the two other chief nations allied with Britain—Russia and China—it would carry great weight with British and Indians alike. It is, we believe, the last and only hope of averting a tremendous defeat.

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WHEN DO THE UNITED NATIONS PROPOSE TO unite—even for military purposes? Everyone agrees that a unified high command, with a predetermined global strategy, is indispensable, that it is sure to come eventually—and that we shall have to go through worse disasters than any yet experienced before we get it. Pending catastrophe, we must presumably go along making bombs that don't fit British bomb racks while England makes bombs that don't fit ours. We must follow one theory of how to attack Germany by air while the British follow another, so that we can take no part in the air offensive on the Continent until we have built a completely separate force in England, even down to the ground crews. We must play our commitments in the Pacific against those in Europe; the British must weigh their stake in Africa against their obligations to Russia; the Chinese must plead for an Asiatic front, perhaps at the expense of a Continental invasion, while the Russians think solely in terms of a second front in the West. What may fortunately precipitate the formation of a United Nations general staff without the preliminary disasters accepted by the fatalists is the serious shortage of raw materials and the consequent necessity for their intelligent allocation. Against this crying need, against the overwhelming popular demand—80 per cent in the last Gallup poll—stand the same traditional nationalistic jealousies that staved off a unified command in the World War until the darkest days of 1917. All the United Nations are at fault—not least the Soviet Union, whose continued reluctance to divulge economic and military information to its allies makes that much harder the second front support which it so eagerly awaits and so richly deserves.

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THE NAZI DRIVE INTO THE CAUCASUS HAS moved with *Blitzkrieg* rapidity since the fall of Rostov scarcely two weeks ago. The German army has succeeded in taking the Maikop oil fields and has pushed well on toward Grozny, an even more important oil center near the Caspian. But though the Soviets have lost the greater part of the North Caucasus, they are putting up magnificent resistance at Stalingrad and have made slight progress in the counter-drive at Voronezh. The battle for Stalingrad is likely to be the crucial struggle of the 1942 campaign. As long as the Soviets can hold this important tank-manufacturing city, they have a chance of launching a counter-offensive that might pinch off the German forces in the Caucasus. Loss of the city would cut the last remaining supply route by which oil from the Baku fields may be delivered to the armies in North Russia. It is obvious that Stalingrad will not fall easily. Soviet forces in this sector have been heavily reinforced. The presence of Major General Follett Bradley in Moscow has encouraged the rumor that units of the American air force will soon be sent to Russia to fight alongside the Soviet air force. Meanwhile the arrival of new contingents of American troops in Britain reinforces the hope that a second front is in the making. It must become a reality within a few weeks if it is to be of any use in turning the Nazi tide in the Caucasus.

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ELMER DAVIS LIVED UP TO EXPECTATIONS in his first report to the country as Director of the Office of War Information. Mr. Davis did not mince words in saying that neither our material aid to our allies nor our production of war materials had been as large as we said they would be. He gave us some encouraging news about ship sinkings, but offset it by reporting that our production of military planes, tanks, artillery, and naval vessels—especially anti-submarine craft—had fallen behind schedule in June. He pointed out that so far our allies have been doing most of the fighting and that our turn must come soon if we are going to win. His frankness, even his pessimism, was refreshing after the vague optimistic reports we have been getting in the press regarding the progress of our military and production efforts. But the Davis statement was nevertheless disquieting. While it is true that "we are not yet more than ankle deep in

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the war," the fault certainly does not lie with the common people. It is to be found in lack of planning, lack of imagination, and lack of faith in the people.

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THE PRESIDENT HAS VETOED THE GILLETTE bill which would have set up an independent agency for the manufacture of rubber from farm products, on the ground that it would divide authority; and he has appointed a committee consisting of Bernard Baruch, Dr. James B. Conant of Harvard, and Dr. Karl T. Compton of M. I. T. to investigate the whole rubber situation. With the soundness of the general principle that rubber control should be centralized we have no quarrel; but it is up to Mr. Roosevelt to see that it is exercised by independent, disinterested persons. In other words the stranglehold of the oil-chemical-rubber combine on synthetic-rubber production must be broken. We have a great deal of respect for Bernard Baruch and his distinguished colleagues, though we wish the President had appointed at least one expert from the farm states. The test of the committee will be whether or not it accepts the WPB's alibi that the present synthetic-rubber program—which does not allow for the production of rubber from farm products—is adequate and functioning. Testimony before the Gillette Committee indicated that the program exists only on paper and that actual construction work has scarcely begun.

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A FRESH OUTBURST OF UNREST IN FRANCE has led neutral observers in Switzerland to predict the early fall of Laval and his replacement by a new Hitler favorite. Doriot, on his part, has hastened to proclaim himself Berlin's latest choice. Apparently unshaken by the slaying of his lieutenant, Henri Gachelin, a new evidence of the hate that surrounds his movement, Doriot has assured his followers that he will be in power before October "with the Marshal or against him." As interesting as the news itself is the way in which it has been presented. In comparison with Doriot, Laval is offered as a minor evil. Here we are again in the middle of another conga dance of appeasement. First came Weygand. We were asked by the State Department and by a section of the press to recognize how lucky it was for the democracies that Weygand stood at the right hand of the old Marshal instead of the small, envious, anti-British Darlan. Then Weygand disappeared and Darlan's star rose. Nobody could, of course, convert him over night into a pal of Churchill. But we were told that it would be infinitely worse for France and for the democracies should he be supplanted by that hateful symbol of German-French collaboration, Pierre Laval. Then, Laval. He was more difficult to fit into the intricate dance pattern. To begin with, his behavior was rude and disdainful to anybody who tried to appease him in any language but German. But at the mere rumor that Doriot might take his place we notice a certain inclination in the press to concede that Laval is, after all, a much better man than Doriot. Who will be held up as "the greater evil" if Doriot becomes Prime Minister of France? Himmler?

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FROM BUENOS AIRES TO MEXICO THE movement of protest against the cowardly assault on Waldo Frank has assumed extraordinary proportions. There is scarcely a Latin American capital where the press, the universities, and the literary clubs have not expressed in one way or another their sympathy for the noted author. This has confirmed the fact, about which Waldo Frank himself complained not long ago, that he enjoys in the Spanish-speaking countries much more authority and popularity than in his native land. Certainly the demonstrations of feeling in Latin America have found faint reflection in the North American press. As was to be expected, in Argentina itself the condemnation of the fascist attack was mixed with severe criticism of the government and the local authorities. Américo Ghioldi, the much respected leader of the Opposition parties in the Chamber of Deputies, spoke of the article by Waldo Frank which produced the government's declaration that its author was *persona non grata* in Argentina, as "the most correct and inspired analysis that had been written on the situation of the country." The leader of the Socialist Party, Nicolás Repetto, told the Conservative members who sided with the Opposition, that it was illogical to condemn the attack on Waldo Frank if at the same time the government itself were not condemned for its arbitrary interpretation of the article in *Critica* as an affront to the Argentine nation. All this emphasizes what we have said a hundred times—that Latin America at heart is with the democracies and that a clever American and British policy would find no difficulty in winning its active support.

Monopoly: Hitler's Ally

THIS war cannot be won until monopoly is out of the saddle. The Truman committee hearings on steel reveal conditions worse, if possible, than those it disclosed a year ago in its inquiry into aluminum. We have not enough armor plate to keep our tank arsenals going at capacity. The Detroit press reports that the great Chrysler arsenal has been on the verge of shutting down for lack of steel. We are not producing enough steel plate to build enough ships to carry the tanks we are making. Some people at the War Production Board explain complacently that the lag in the tank program does not matter since tanks are piling up even at reduced rates of production—waiting for ships to carry them

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away. There are countries in which the steel manufacturers responsible for this situation would be awarded not an "E" but a load of lead.

What do the Truman committee hearings reveal? At a time of the greatest steel shortage in history many steel plants are partially or totally idle. This in itself is news only to a press which has consistently ignored the detailed and specific recommendations Philip Murray and the United Steel Workers Union have been making. The small plants which figured in the sensational disclosures of the hearings were discussed in the Murray plan of January, 1941, and were among the score or more named in his second steel plan in June of this year. The first report revealed almost 6,000,000 tons of idle capacity; the second showed how steel-plate production might be increased 15 per cent and armor-plate production increased many times by industry-wide planning to end competitive scrambles which leave a sizable proportion of our facilities, even in the big companies, working at less than capacity.

The steel-plate shortage for shipbuilding began to be apparent in February, 1941, at the very time that Stettinius and Gano Dunn were telling the President—who repeated their words—that talk of a steel shortage was "a deliberate lie." The shortage of steel plate could have been remedied at once by one or both of two measures: conversion of continuous strip mills to plate production and compulsory allocation of steel business to get maximum output from big companies and small.

Instead of taking these measures the government last July began to dicker with Bethlehem Steel for a $23,000,000 plate plant at Sparrow's Point, Maryland. Three months passed before Bethlehem turned up in October with a contract. The contract was so extortionate that Clifford Durr, now a Federal Communications Commissioner, then counsel for the RFC Defense Plant Corporation, wrote a memorandum (later turned up by the Truman committee) opposing its acceptance, and later resigned in disgust. Although the OPM told the President last September that this plant was part of the navy "speed-up" program, it is now revealed that Bethlehem and the WPB—after wasting all that time—have decided to abandon both the Sparrow's Point and the Bethlehem Los Angeles steel-plant projects because neither could be completed even by July, 1943!

The hearings also reveal that Henry Kaiser, who is now building a steel plant at Los Angeles, was kept dangling by the OPM and the WPB from midsummer of 1940 to March, 1942, before a direct appeal to Nelson finally brought him permission to use $50,000,000 of his own money—not the government's—to build this plant. The explanation lies in the disclosure that the WPB committees which control plant expansion are made up entirely of dollar-a-year men still on the payrolls of the big steel companies. No independent steel man can obtain either the certificate of necessity allowing five-year amortization on his investment or the materials for expansion without the permission of these committees.

While steel is so scarce, the WPB is handling our steel supplies with the carelessness of a sailor on a spree. The *Journal of Commerce* reports that despite inventory control the inventories of manufacturers using steel aggregate 17 million tons, more than four times the prewar normal. Only a few months ago the inventories of the railroad-equipment industry were found to have enough steel above reasonable requirements to build sixty ten-thousand-ton cargo ships. Priority control is as flabby as inventory control. In June requirements were 10,000,000 tons; production 5,000,000 tons. But the WPB has no records to show where almost 1,000,000 of the 5,000,000 tons went! Supervision of this kind, plus the go-and-sin-no-more consent decrees imposed on Carnegie-Illinois and Jones & Laughlin for consistent violation of priorities, explains why a "black market" flourishes. And why we and our allies are still losing the war.

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Published weekly and copyright, 1942, in the U. S. A. by The Nation, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 856 National Press Building.

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Who Is the State Department?

IV. WHY THE COW IS SACRED

BY ROBERT BENDINER

IF POLITICS were simply an exercise in cold logic it would be impossible to explain why President Roosevelt tolerates, consults, and conciliates a Department of State so drastically at odds with his fundamental purposes. The department, after all, is responsible to him. He is charged by the Constitution with the conduct of foreign affairs and he has only to clean house to obtain a department consonant with his own views. Strong Presidents have traditionally been their own Secretaries of State, and Roosevelt is among the strongest of the strong.

It might be argued, of course, that the President himself was sold for a time on a policy of appeasement, that his own position did not, in fact, differ materially from the department's, and that he, like his official advisers, was swept by the tide of events into ultimate resistance. But the facts are all against this theory. It is true that the President bears a particular responsibility for the Spanish embargo and for the miscarried policy toward Vichy; it is true that in the last analysis he is responsible for the sum total of American foreign policy, with all its mistakes of omission and commission. Yet it remains clear beyond doubt that his lapses into appeasement have been by way of surrender rather than through choice. Nowhere in the record is there an instance of his forcing appeasement on reluctant advisers; the process has all been in the opposite direction. The daring proposal to quarantine aggressor nations was solely his own idea, slipped into a prepared speech without the sanction of the department; while the virtual retraction of that challenge was the work of advisers who were horrified at his boldness. Earlier than any other top-rank statesman he understood, and said, that a militant tyranny anywhere in the world was a threat to all the world. Two of the Administration's boldest moves in the field of foreign policy—the destroyer deal and the Lend-Lease Act—came directly from him and not from the department. If his foreign policy has moved a step backward for every step and a half in the direction of a cooperative internationalism, the forward motions have been the ones dictated by choice. Where he has appeased, it is not the enemy who was the prime object of the appeasement but his advisers, both in office and in private life.

All these considerations—the President's militant point of view, his dynamic character, and his legally constituted power over the department—serve only to heighten the paradox. The question of why he has seen fit not only to leave the department intact but to surrender to it from time to time remains to be considered.

The mystery is more apparent than real. In the complex of presidential politics there is a great deal more than the mechanical application of a given policy, and the enigma of Roosevelt's relations with the department works itself out in the light of political, personal, and administrative realities. Some of them are compelling, some are not. None of them justifies appeasement as such, but all of them help to explain the President's vacillation.

THE PRESIDENT AND POLITICS

To begin on the loftiest plane, the President is not an independent force, free to operate at will. He is a resolution of forces, embodying in his person the aspirations of conflicting sectors of the population. Not merely in a demagogic, vote-catching sense, but in the best tradition of representative government, he dare not regard himself as an individual, free to impose his own position without regard for the views of a sizable opposition. To do so would be to put a period to the course of democratic development, to substitute the *Führerprinzip* for representative government. On the other hand, to go to the opposite extreme and bend before every breeze, to give no guidance and assume no leadership, would be to invite paralysis and the equally certain destruction of political democracy.

The problem is an infinitely delicate one of degree, and all but the rabidly biased will admit that Roosevelt has shown a remarkable skill in steering somewhat on the leadership side of a middle course. Inevitably he has swung the wheel over from time to time. That is in the nature of his office. Lincoln repeatedly appeased the conservatives of his party, and the Northern Democrats as well, and he was roundly berated for it by the radicals. Nevertheless, his own point of view prevailed in the end. This is said, certainly not in defense of appeasement, but as a commentary on the nature of the presidency. In other words, a cogent case cannot be made against the President for heeding an authentic force within the country, however dubious; it can be made only against the force itself. The State Department to

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a large degree identified itself with such a force, and this is what distinguishes its conduct from the President's. It championed appeasement, whereas the President, as President, merely yielded, on occasion, to appeasement's advocates.

On a lower level of politics, as opposed to theoretical statesmanship, there are equally compelling, if less noble, explanations of the President's indulgence of the department. His choice of Hull, to start with, and his support of the Secretary through thick and thin have been due in no small measure to Hull's weight with Congress. Until 1932 no Secretary of State since Taft's Administration had been an alumnus of House or Senate. Hull was a member of both and he commands a respect on Capitol Hill which no President—especially one whose Administration is as controversial as Roosevelt's—can afford to overlook. In particular, the Southerners in Congress venerate Hull. He is one of them, in fact their most honored representative in the government. His mild internationalism, his homey morality, his social conservatism, and above all his years of struggle against the tariff dragon make him their logical St. George, and they would take it very much amiss if the President were to deal high-handedly with him.

The power of the Southerners, moreover, is not to be taken lightly—thanks to the rule of seniority by which the chairmanships of Congressional committees are determined. Throughout twelve lean years of Republican rule, few Northern Democrats got elected to either house, but no G. O. P. landslide ever kept the Solid South from sending its quota of Democrats to Washington. The result was that when the great overthrow occurred in 1932 and the new majority party proceeded to reorganize the committees, the chairmanships went automatically to the veteran Southerners. The newly elected Northern Democrats got scarcely a look-in, though some of the standbys of the city machines likewise came into their own. Even now, ten years after, the most vital committees of Congress are chaired by Southerners. In the Senate the Foreign Relations Committee is headed by Connally of Texas, the Military Affairs Committee by Reynolds of North Carolina, Finance by George of Georgia, Appropriations by Glass of Virginia, Commerce by Bailey of North Carolina, Agriculture by Smith of South Carolina. In the House the crucial Ways and Means Committee is chaired by Doughton of North Carolina, Naval Affairs by Vinson of Georgia, Military Affairs by May of Kentucky, Judiciary by Sumners of Texas, Agriculture by Fulmer of South Carolina. The list is far from complete but it will suffice to illustrate Hull's pivotal position in the Administration.

Beyond the President's political dependence on Congress there stretch the vastly complicated questions of his strategy vis-à-vis the electorate. They are questions which are beyond the scope of this article but they bear on it in so far as they show the inevitability of the President's tacking and hauling before the winds of a country that could not make up its mind. If the dictates of public opinion go far to explain the President's indecision, however, they afford little justification for the conduct of the department. In the first place, the department stands in no such political relationship to the electorate. Its officials think of themselves, and are thought of, as experts. On the basis of their prestige they could have strengthened the President's hand in educating the country to the need for a firm stand against the fascist advance. They followed no such course. On the contrary, they weakened the President's hand at every turn. Far from opposing conciliation, they had constantly to be conciliated themselves—and to a certain degree they were in a position to command it. They were the President's experienced advisers. By the country at large the department has always been held a bit in awe, what with its fund of "confidential information," its general air of legitimate secrecy. It would not have helped Roosevelt's position with the country if so revered a figure as Hull or so skilled a technician as Welles had seen fit to break with the Administration on a question of policy. With the nation so bitterly divided on the issue of intervention, such a split in the highest reaches of the government might in fact have been fatal. In a sense, therefore, the President was as dependent on his advisers as they were dependent on him.

PERSONAL AND ADMINISTRATIVE

Even if the exigencies of politics had left it possible for the President to clean house in his State Department, it is extremely doubtful that he would have done so in any effective degree. Here again the question is not one of logic but of reality—this time the reality of the Roosevelt character. It is well known in Washington that the President finds it next to impossible to dismiss anyone. He has kept men in office long after it became clear to the country that they had nothing in common with his purposes and would not hesitate, in fact, to work against those purposes. As a personal trait, this loyalty may be an attractive aspect of the President's character. As an administrative quality it is a good deal less laudable. But whatever its merits, it is a fact.

When a fairly close personal relationship is involved, it becomes doubly hard for the President to act—and that happens to be the case with the leading figures of the State Department. Hull, besides being the President's ace with Congress and the lieutenant best equipped to keep the right wing of the party in line, is an old friend and a political supporter of long standing. Welles, besides having contributed generously to past campaigns, is one of the President's last remaining ties with the Groton-Harvard world of his youth. He enjoys the society of Welles—perhaps all the more because that world

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has so bitterly denounced him as a traitor to his class—and a dinner at Oxon Hill is among his favorite diversions. Breckinridge Long commands an affectionate loyalty for years of consistent, if unintelligent, personal support, and further down in the department the protégés of Hull and Welles are assured the friendly interest of the White House.

The President does not play favorites, however, and among his closest friends are those who, like Bullitt and Davies, are for personal reasons at odds with the department hierarchs. Within his official family he stays on good terms with both sides in any controversy and cannot bring himself to alienate either. In his strong dislike for rows he will go far to bury issues and smooth over differences rather than make clear-cut decisions. He has had his fingers burned on the few occasions when he has interfered in the administration of the department and his reluctance to repeat the experience has been a source of weakness. The department finds it easy to appeal to his tendency toward procrastination, and while it may not be able to sell him much in the way of affirmative policy, it has often succeeded in selling him on caution and delay, which happen to be the chief ingredients of appeasement.

Those who urge a clean sweep of the department overlook one final reality, even more formidable than the President's personality, namely, the Civil Service and the department's own merit system. Even if this carefully worked-out scheme of job security, unassailable in principle, were not politically risky for any President to attack—and it is risky to an extreme degree—it would still be technically beyond his assault. The laws governing the operation of the department are Congressional statutes and only Congress can repeal or revise them.

THE ROOSEVELT SOLUTION

Despite all these political, personal, and administrative handicaps, it cannot be said that the President has allowed the department to run untrammeled. Aside from invoking his own considerable powers of persuasion, he has resorted to three devices of control. The first and most elementary is the simple act of anticipating his foreign experts with some move or pronouncement which leaves them no recourse but to follow—or at least to seek a compromise. Beside the quarantine speech—and more important—the destroyer deal with Britain may be put in this category. So may the stab-in-the-back speech against Mussolini and, above all, the Lend-Lease Act, probably the most vital legislation of the entire war crisis.

A less blatant device has been the quiet substitution of special emissaries for the routine service men in the case of particularly important or delicate missions. This practice is far from new but Roosevelt has probably carried it further than other presidents. To clear up the false impressions left by Ambassador Kennedy, to restore decent working relations with the British, and simply to obtain reliable information, Harry Hopkins was sent to London, with instructions to get as close as possible to Prime Minister Churchill and learn the precise intentions of the British government. He did his job well and the President followed up by naming his Social Security Administrator, John G. Winant, as Ambassador. Hopkins was later sent on an informal mission to the Soviet Union; Lauchlin Currie, one of the President's six "anonymous" administrative assistants, performed a similar service in Chungking; and Colonel William J. Donovan was sent on an unofficial but highly important tour of the Balkans and the Near East. All of these special agents reported in confidence to the President and acted without benefit of the established State Department channels.

The third and most subtle of the Roosevelt checks on the department is also the most typical. Unwilling to replace major subordinates or to provoke open clashes, the President has quietly hedged the department about with new agencies designed to syphon off its powers. The first of these was the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, better known as the Rockefeller Committee, created to propagandize Latin America on behalf of the Good Neighbor Policy. The department bitterly resented this infringement of its natural jurisdiction and made its peace only when the two agencies united in opposing the Donovan Committee, which at one point threatened to enter the Latin American arena. Formally the Office of the Coordinator of Information, the Donovan agency was commissioned to assemble and analyze, for government use, information on foreign affairs obtained chiefly by short wave and, more important, to direct a counter-propaganda service. So lively was the scuffle between the COI and the department that at one point, according to Pearson and Allen, the Donovan agency sent electricians around to rip out the teletype machine by which the department was receiving news for a contemplated series of propaganda broadcasts of its own.

Even in the issuance of visas the department lost a measure of its control when the President set up a Board of Appeals, consisting of two members responsible to himself, to pass upon rejections of visa applications by lower boards. The Secretary of State still has the last word, but the chances of his overruling the Board of Appeals are slight.

Far beyond any of these trespasses on the department's estate are the powers that have been conferred on the Board of Economic Warfare, which now decides what products are to be exported and where they are to go, the very field of action in which the department for so long concentrated its appeasement strategies. The promulgation, in the spring of 1942, of Executive Order 9128, awarding these extraordinary powers to the board,

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came like a thunderclap to the ears of department officials. Welles was indirectly reported—by Arthur Krock, who should know—to have been reduced to "anguish" by this transfer of "a fundamental foreign policy which it is the historic function of the State Department to formulate and conduct." And when Hull returned from a rest cure he is said to have blamed Welles and Duggan for their failure to head off the coup.

Even before the President endowed the BEW with these special powers it had been a thorn in the side of the department. Headed by Vice-President Wallace, it is concerned primarily with obtaining products necessary for the war effort and with using American economic and commercial power as a weapon against the Axis, particularly in Latin America. It believes in vigorous methods. To cite only one example, it urges use of American personnel to speed up the production and shipment of Brazilian rubber. The department, on the other hand, is essentially political. With a nervous concern for the Good Neighbor Policy, it is worried about Brazilian sensitivities and prefers leaving the job to Brazilians, even if that course entails long negotiations and delay. Both agencies obviously have a case, and both harry the President with appeals.

Obviously this device of piling up new agencies to circumscribe the powers of the old has its administrative weaknesses. It is costly and where it does not produce a duplication of effort it provokes jurisdictional rows that are at least as unpleasant and disorganizing as the bitterness that would be caused by shake-ups in personnel. Nevertheless, it appears at times to offer the President the only way out of a difficult situation. In any event these shifts of jurisdiction must be looked upon as temporary expedients rather than institutional changes. The powers so quickly conferred on a new agency are just as quickly modified or revoked. It is the hope of the State Department that the BEW will never be allowed to use its paper powers in full, and that hope has already been partially justified. In arbitrating between the two agencies the President has tended to mollify the outraged department and to restore to it some of its traditional prerogatives. But his very position as umpire has strengthened his hand. The threat of rival agencies challenging its sacred jurisdictions has stirred the department out of its ancient lethargy and forced it, as the recent pronouncements of Hull and Welles have demonstrated, to speak the language of a people's war.

[*Problems and personalities of the State Department not discussed in this series will be treated in the author's forthcoming book, "The Riddle of the State Department," on which these articles have been based.*]

Helicopters for Victory

BY HENRY HAZLITT

WE HAVE been telling ourselves now for three years that the Axis powers have won their victories by deceit, treachery, and ruthlessness, and by a numerical superiority in weapons created over a long period. It is all perfectly true. But there is another lesson, more difficult for us to learn, because less flattering to our vanity. The Axis powers have won their victories also by unified command of all services and by the imagination and audacity of their strategy. With few exceptions the strategy of the United Nations, when not actually bungling, has been timid and uninspired.

We have finally learned—from the Axis—the paramount importance of air power. But in the main we have learned only to imitate. The great innovations in air power—self-sealing tanks, troop strafing, large-scale troop transport, parachute troops, gliders—all had to be successfully demonstrated by the Axis first before the generals and admirals of the democracies could be brought to take them seriously. Is it not time that we seized the imaginative leadership?

No one can doubt that our military leaders and technicians are constantly working to increase airplane speed, maneuverability, ceiling, range, armor, fire power, and the like. But are they applying the same ingenuity and persistence in the development of new forms of aircraft for uses of which present aircraft are incapable? As the war reaches a crisis, the need for one such new form becomes increasingly clear. This is a form of air power that does not require the use of airfields, runways, or catapults; that can land slowly and vertically without injury on any chosen point—field, street, housetop, ship deck, body of water—and ascend with the same ease. In addition it is desirable that such craft should fly slowly as well as fast and still maintain altitude.

This type of machine is not a mere inventor's dream. It is not a mere set of engineer's blueprints. It exists. It exists in the helicopter, impressive flights of which were made in April a year ago by the noted airplane designer, Igor Sikorsky. Mr. Sikorsky has been constantly improving his machine. You do not have to take his word regarding what it can do. He has shown colored motion pictures of its remarkable feats. In these you can see him rise vertically from land, water, and marsh. You can see him rise a foot or two above the water, skim over it

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at this level, or hover stationary at the same level, and alight like a feather, without even a splash. You can see him circle around a lake, come to a dead stop in front of a dock, hover in the air at the height of a man's shoulder while a man on the dock hangs a suitcase on the helicopter; then you can see Mr. Sikorsky swing around the lake a few times with the suitcase hanging on, and stop dead again (in the air) in front of the dock, while the man lifts his suitcase off. You can see Sikorsky's helicopter come to a sudden stop in midair from a high speed. You can see the helicopter stop in midair at the height of a man's shoulder while an assistant takes hold of one of the wheels and pulls the machine with him, which is made to follow docilely by the man at the controls like a great floating camel.

Sikorsky also explains that the helicopter is extremely easy to fly. You could learn to fly it indoors, in a moderate-sized auditorium. It seems to be at least as easy to master as an automobile. A striking comparison suggests itself here. Suppose one had to *start* learning to drive an automobile at a minimum speed of sixty miles an hour? How many people would learn to drive automobiles? Yet this is the situation with regard to the airplane. But with a helicopter you can start as slowly as you like.

To anyone with the slightest imagination, all this should suggest an entirely new form of air power, with a range of possibilities in war hitherto undreamed of, waiting merely for us to develop and exploit. This can only be done quickly enough if the leaders of our army, navy, and air forces take an active interest and pool the ingenuity and technical skill of our aviation engineers and designers for that purpose.

Helicopters would have innumerable uses as a supplementary air arm, carrying out all sorts of tasks impossible for the orthodox airplane. They could be used for liaison and reconnaissance in the field under almost any conditions of land warfare. Light, short-range helicopters such as this country could turn out in great quantities without the extensive use of aluminum and other material needed for combat airplanes, could be used all along our coast line, at points where airfields are not available, to spot submarines. They might be much more useful than orthodox airplanes for this purpose because they could hover over a given point, and if necessary slow down their speed to that of a submarine itself. Heavier helicopters could be used from the decks of merchant ships to spot or bomb submarines. They might prove a far more useful anti-tank weapon than airplanes, because, though they can go faster than any tank, they can also slow down to the pace of any tank, and so make the target stationary in relation to themselves.

But the greatest advantage of helicopters, if we had them at this moment, might be in connection with an invasion of the Continent from England. At present the British and Americans have a hard choice. Mere air bombardment is obviously not going to be enough. And it is enormously costly and wasteful in proportion to the military results that it achieves. From the humanitarian standpoint, night bombing destroys hundreds of homes and kills and maims thousands of civilians, in order to destroy also a few war factories; from a cold-blooded military standpoint, it represents an enormous waste of bombs that miss their intended mark. The only other choice today for supplementary attack is between a full-scale invasion and Commando raids. It is a closely guarded military secret whether or not we have the ships for a successful invasion. In any case there must be terrific losses in ships and men before a bridgehead could even be established. The alternative is hit-and-run raids limited to the immediate shoreline. The individual soldier must do his task in a few hours, return to a designated point on the shore, and hope to find a ship there waiting for him.

Contrast this with a helicopter invasion. Even at their present stage of development helicopters could be landed at points one or two hundred miles in from the French coast, beyond the elaborate shoreline protections. Men could land from them, plant their time bombs or dynamite precisely where they would do the most good, gather information directly or from the native population, supply subject populations with bombs and arms, take back recruits, seize German prisoners from among the occupying forces. If the invaders found themselves outnumbered, they could leave quickly at a hundred miles an hour. And the invaders could come in great numbers. Helicopters with relatively small horse-power motors could be turned out with the speed of automobiles. Those who fly them would require nothing like the elaborate training necessary for regular flyers.

It is true that the helicopter is in some ways not so efficient as the airplane. Let us say that with the same horse-power motor it can go only half the speed of the airplane, or only half the distance, or lift only half the weight. All this does not mean that it would not be extremely valuable in war: for *it can do what the orthodox airplane cannot do.* It is not proposed as a substitute for the airplane, but as a supplement to it. Sikorsky compares the relation of the helicopter to the plane with that of the automobile to the railroad. The railroad is far more efficient than the automobile in certain respects, particularly for carrying great weights over long distances. But the train has to go from one prepared terminal to another, while the family automobile can be parked in your backyard, can go anywhere, and can take you to or from your railroad. Just so the airplane and helicopter. The airplane must start from an extensive and elaborately prepared airfield in friendly territory; it is unable to land in enemy territory and to leave again. The helicopter does not need an airfield at either end.

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But would not helicopters be vulnerable to pursuit airplanes, which can go faster and carry more fire power? They would be. So, for that matter, in varying degrees, are bombing planes, flying boats, transport planes, motor-torpedo boats, army trucks, motor-cycle troops, and infantry; but that is not a reason for dispensing with any of these. The helicopter, however, for invasion purposes, would be far less vulnerable than transport ships, invasion barges, or destroyers and cruisers. It is faster than anything that travels on land or sea. It could, therefore, evade hostile airplanes better than anything on land or sea; and, being individually small, it would make an unrewarding target. Helicopters could travel like a swarm of gnats, with the protection of their own fighter planes.

Though any effective weapon, once developed by either side, is taken over as soon as possible by the enemy, the element of surprise, of getting first into production, counts heavily and could play a determining role. Helicopters, moreover, are at least one weapon that would be far more useful to the United Nations than to our enemies. American mass production could turn them out faster than the Axis. Used in connection with merchant ships they could protect the sea lanes, so much more important to us than to the Axis. A final reason for their superior usefulness to us lies in the very character of the war. Throughout the lands conquered and occupied by the Axis powers there is seething discontent. All these peoples, forced by their conquerors to produce weapons and supplies against us, are our potential and moral allies and need only to be turned into real allies. Think what the United Nations could accomplish today with helicopter raids in Norway, Holland, Belgium, occupied France, Yugoslavia, or in the conquered sections of Russia and China! They could establish contact with and supply arms to guerrilla fighters like those under General Mikhailovitch in Yugoslavia. They could establish so many nests of resistance that the Nazi task would become impossible. If we use air/power imaginatively and boldly, we may enormously shorten the war.

Keep Them Out!

VI. CLARE E. HOFFMAN OF MICHIGAN

BY WILL CHASAN AND ESTHER JACK

CONGRESSMAN CLARE E. HOFFMAN has a grievance. Last April a federal prosecutor asked him to explain the distribution by American fascists of copies of his isolationist speeches in envelopes bearing his Congressional frank. Hoffman's reply, bellowed from the floor of the House, was that he was being made the target of a "smear campaign." The federal prosecutor, he shouted, "is making ammunition for a campaign. He's a smear artist."

Actually any attempt to "smear" the gentleman from Allegan, Michigan, would be an exercise in futility. A crabbed, small-town Republican lawyer with a dour face and a vigilante spirit, he has been described, among other things, as "scurrilous," "berserk," and "a one-man lynch mob." His voting record in Congress during the past eight years makes Hamilton Fish look like an interventionist by comparison, and Eugene Cox like a New Dealer. In addition, he has earned the ugly distinction of being the most vituperative man in the House. "Get some more men like Hoffman into Congress," one of his colleagues observed recently, "and our democratic process will simply break down."

Hoffman first achieved national prominence through his violent hostility to the New Deal and organized labor. A member of the extreme Tory wing from his first day in Congress, he was one of the thirty-three House members who voted against the Social Security Act. He opposed slum-clearance and low-cost housing, and fought bitterly against the Wage–Hour Law and National Labor Relations Act. He has kept up a drumming attack on the National Labor Relations Board, commonly referring to it as "this wrecker of business, this creator of unemployment, this conspiring and arrogant NLRB, which has assumed to itself powers never given it by Congress." The Senate Civil Liberties Committee's disclosure of illegal anti-labor practices by American industry so incensed him that he called the committee's chairman, Senator Robert LaFollette, a "disgrace to the Senate, a stench in the nostrils of all true Americans."

Both in and out of Congress, Hoffman has advocated mob violence against the C. I. O. During the "Little Steel" strike, he wired to Mayor Daniel A. Knaggs of Monroe, Michigan, where one of the struck plants was located, that he was ready to march to the aid of the city with a group of "reliable" and "well-armed" citizens. He wired to his secretary at Allegan, Miss Lelia Boyce, instructing her to make preparations for his expeditionary force, telling her specifically to have his son Carl "locate 200 rounds of 12-gauge No. 1 chilled"

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shot and "100 rounds of 30-30 automatic." He delivered an inflammatory speech against the C. I. O. at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, when the notorious "Citizens Committee," sanctioned by Mayor Shields, was "restoring law and order" with funds supplied by Bethlehem Steel. Hoffman was so impressed by the city's strike-breaking activities that he said, "What we need in the White House is a man with the capacity of Mayor Shields." Hoffman's presidential candidate, it turned out, was an ex-bootlegger who had served a prison term for tampering with evidence in a prohibition case.

Seaman

Clare E. Hoffman

Hoffman's most blatant appeal for mob violence was contained in a speech to the House last year. If strikes continue, he said, "we shall inevitably see a situation where either the law-abiding citizens will insist upon public officials performing their duty even though it means bloodshed, or will do as was done in the early days in the West—take the law into their own hands. . . . If nothing else will end the lawlessness there is the possibility of a rope, a noose at the end, and a convenient lamppost."

Hoffman's animus against the New Deal often has expressed itself in personal attacks on President Roosevelt. He has charged the President with hypocrisy, with obtaining his election through fraud, with being a tyrant, with unethically making money out of the Presidency, and with "deliberately and wickedly, with the aid of the Communists, preaching their anti-religious doctrine, the destruction of this government by force." On July 9, 1940, he rhetorically asked the House, "Who is Franklin D. Roosevelt that he should characterize the action of anyone as a stab in the back, as he charged was the recent action of Italy? From the beginning of his Administration down to the present moment, the President has himself been stabbing in the back, not only his political friends but our form of government." On another occasion he described the President as a "crazy, conceited megalomaniac."

Hoffman obviously believes in personal abuse as a political weapon. In a letter to some of his colleagues two years ago, he suggested that if five or six of them took the floor each day to "bawl hell" out of the President "we can accomplish our purpose," i. e., the defeat of Roosevelt at the polls. Hoffman's vulgar and venomous criticism of the President, made from the House floor, where the libel laws cannot touch him, are typical of his personal attacks on other New Dealers. He has called Harold Ickes a dung-cart, and insinuated that Frances Perkins was not reporting her income properly on tax returns. He often attributes financial greed to his opponents. During the foreign policy debate, he proposed a 35 per cent decrease in congressional salaries, saying, "I venture the prediction that if we pass a law taking 35 per cent of the salary of congressmen during the duration of the emergency, there will be at least a 50 per cent drop in congressional oratory on the necessity for war."

In contrast to all this venom, Hoffman's attitude toward the Axis powers has been surprisingly mild. He has taxed Roosevelt with "shattering the world's neighborliness," criticized the Administration for "provoking" Japan, and warned it against "incurring the ill will of the German rulers." After all, he said in a House debate on the Lease-Lend Act, "many of us doubt that Germany wants more than has been asked down through the ages by every people, by every nation, which has found itself with territory too small to contain its increasing millions or with men capable of fighting not needed in peaceful pursuits and with a leadership at once efficient and ambitious."

This unashamed justification of Nazi aggression accounts for Hoffman's opposition to New Deal foreign policy. He voted and actively campaigned against the fortification of Guam, revision of the Neutrality Act, Lend-Lease and the appropriation bills that went with it, the ship-seizure bill, conscription, extension of the draft period, and the arming of merchant ships. In opposition to each of these, he repeated the stock fascist arguments, and his speeches frequently were reprinted in the American fascist press. Almost every one of the papers recently banned from the mails for seditious utterances at one time or another published Hoffman's speeches.

The Michigan Congressman's relations with fascists and fascist groups extended further. As the District of Columbia grand jury disclosed, he placed his franking privilege at the disposal of William Kullgren, editor of the pro-Nazi *Beacon Light*. He inserted speeches by Gerald L. K. Smith in the *Congressional Record*, presented Smith's petitions for the continuation of the Dies Committee, and wrote to *Social Justice* that "no politician or group of politicians, no international bankers or group of bankers, or money changers or war profiteers are going to force us into this war." Hoffman's Washington office was a rallying point for visiting fascists. Elizabeth Dilling wrote, after she and one of the Coughlinite "mothers'" groups had descended on Washington for some unmotherly hell-raising, that he had given them a "fine welcome" and had invited them into his office. Hoffman was the unofficial spokesman for the "impeach Roosevelt" drive, and American fascist newspapers advised their readers to go to Washington, call

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on Hoffman, and demand Roosevelt's impeachment.

The Michigan "statesman," as Gerald Smith's *Cross and the Flag* describes Hoffman, was not jolted out of his antagonism to the war effort by Pearl Harbor. In the past eight months he often has derided our allies, but rarely our enemies. Last February he told the House, "I am beginning to wonder whether we are fighting to preserve our land, our nation, or whether we are fighting for the preservation of the British Empire." Previously he had asserted that the United States was sending "suicide squads" to England for attacks against the Continent, in which Churchill had refused to sacrifice British soldiers. He suggested, perhaps significantly, that it would be better to deploy our men and planes against Japan. It will matter little, he declared on another occasion, "whether Hitler gets us and skins us from the top down, or whether our ally, Joe Stalin, gets us and skins us from the heels up."

His criticism of the Administration has grown in intensity. He has accused Roosevelt of not caring as much about winning the war as about keeping the good will of the labor leaders. "The Administration," he says, "is still—in wartime—paying its debts to the labor politicians." Although Hoffman occasionally professes to be concerned with the progress of our war program, he has tried to block most Administration measures for the prosecution of the war. He has denounced Leon Henderson and his Office of Price Administration because they "would make slaves of the farmers, compelling them to cultivate the soil with a wooden plow and second-hand hoe, and to market their products either by mule or horse-drawn vehicle, wheel-barrow or on their backs. He would put all those engaged in the motor industry out of business." He has attacked Donald Nelson's labor-management committee plan as an effort by the Administration "joined with certain labor leaders, to force the management of our industrial plants to turn over their property, the property of their stockholders, to the tender mercies of the labor leaders."

Hoffman's post-Pearl Harbor record has been so damning that Michigan's Fourth Congressional District, in which he has been firmly entrenched, partly because it is blanketed by the Chicago *Tribune,* may turn against him. For the first time since his election in 1934, he will face a strong opponent in the Republican primaries. J. T. Hammond, a liberal Republican state senator, whose legislative district covers 45 per cent of the Fourth Congressional District, has announced his candidacy. Hammond, who ran ahead of Hoffman in the last election, will have the support of A. F. of L. and C. I. O. unions, and of important Republican groups which are tired of being represented by the Allegan isolationist.

The Hoffman camp, moreover, has suffered serious losses. *Social Justice,* which called Hoffman a "good American," has ceased publication. Elizabeth Dilling, who early this year told American patriots to thank God for Hoffman's "integrity and courage," is busy preparing for her sedition trial. William Dudley Pelley, who praised Hoffman as a "fighting patriot," is in an Indiana jail awaiting sentence for the same crime. Possibly Hoffman may win without these ardent supporters, but not if his opponents do an effective job of getting his record before the voters.

In the Wind

GERALD L. K. SMITH, whose Bible-thumping is so much a part of his politics that he calls his magazine the *Cross and the Flag,* wrote and published an article in the July issue entitled "Crucifiction [*sic*] Cannot Kill."

ADD PATRIOTIC CELEBRATIONS: National Donut Week, to be held in October, will be especially significant this year, says the Donut Institute, because "October marks the 25th anniversary of the making of the first donut by Salvation Army lassies in France in World War I . . . the traditional association of Doughboys and Donuts . . . and today's war background."

ALTHOUGH THE BEATING of Roland Hayes by city police in Rome, Ga., received a good deal of newspaper attention throughout the country, not one word about it appeared in the Rome *News-Tribune,* the only local paper.

THE HEAD of a personal-finance company in a Massachusetts city has quit the business since the issuance of the Federal Reserve order restricting the operations of such firms. He says that he has closed up shop not because government regulations cut down his profits but because he always knew he was in a dirty business and was glad of an excuse to leave it.

REVERSING ITS OWN previous ruling, the Federal Works Agency has decided that parochial schools are entitled to receive public works grants for improvements and maintenance. Hitherto such schools have been regarded as private institutions and therefore ineligible to participate in the public works program. The issue has always been a sore point with those who see a danger in any weakening of the traditional American separation of church and state.

ONE OF THE MANY well-intentioned newsletters on war and peace problems that have sprung up in the last few years is called *World Community,* published in Lyndhurst, New Jersey. It is currently serializing a long essay on socialism as an answer to war by Henry De Man, the Belgian radical who has become a Nazi labor *Gauleiter.*

[*The $5 prize for the best item received in July goes to Richard Milton of Rowayton, Conn., for his story on Westbrook Pegler's meeting with James C. Petrillo, published July 18.*]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Peacock

BY LOUIS KRONENBERGER

IT IS to Peacock's credit that he has never flared up into sudden fashionableness or become the idol of a raptly worshipful clan. To be sure, the kind of people who take pleasure in Peacock are exactly the kind who have a horror of cults. But the witty little novels go on being read, I suspect, far oftener than they are written about; which is as it should be, since there is not very much to write. One writes what one does chiefly to discharge a debt—as a kind of bread-and-butter letter. There is little to analyze or elucidate. His shortcomings are so palpable that we court his ghostly laughter simply by venturing to enumerate them; while the virtues are more palpable still.

Somebody has said that for Peacock the world was a salon —which puts in picturesque form what everybody has felt. All but one of his best novels—and I am only concerned with the best novels—bring people together, under one hospitable roof and usually round one Lucullan dinner table, to talk. Since they are cultivated and highly articulate people, they would seem to provide the materials for a symposium. That they do not, that they provide the materials for a farce, lies in the fact that each one, however cultivated, however articulate, is something of a maniac. Each has an obsession —a strident panacea, a gnawing *bête noire*. One character is convinced that everything in life tends toward progress, another that it tends toward decay; a third reduces everything to inoculation, a fourth to the work of the devil, a fifth to fish. One man's mania is German philosophy, another's is life in the twelfth century, still another's is "the march of mind." The host, generally more rational and always more colorless than his guests, has yet his mania too —that of collecting maniacs.

Peacock's formula is so simple, his efforts to disguise it are so half-hearted—who thinks twice about the insipid romances or trumped-up escapades that adorn his stories?— that one would imagine his mockery to be soon played out. Wherein does "Nightmare Abbey" differ from "Headlong Hall" except that it is more skilful, or "Crotchet Castle" from "Nightmare Abbey" except that it is more mature? The answer, of course, is that the formula is successful just because it is so simple—folly, absurdity, mania spring from it fully formed, and all they need is to be properly clothed. And with each new production Peacock clothed them in brighter colors—the wit sharpened, the satire toughened, the manias grew more lustrous. With each new production the talkers became funnier and their talk more flashing.

Judged mechanically as "novels," these little books are very limited affairs indeed. But it shows hardly more sense than it does humor to judge them so. The minute we damn Peacock's characters as one-dimensional, we have missed the point about them. They are eccentric, off balance, single-track; and their "reality" lies solely in their intenseness. What human traits they possess, such as a love for wine or a susceptibility to romance, are merely human—characteristic, not characterizing. Peacock's real triumph is to make his people interesting *without* making them human; to endow them, as well as impale them, with wit; to make them so learned, ingenious, energetic, and quick that they expend more vitality on a single obsession than most people do on a wide variety of interests. Some of them, modeled on Shelley, Coleridge, Byron, Brougham, are creatures of caricature; some are objects of satire or victims of irony; but they all wind up as creatures of farce. In his audacious flouting of realism, in the gravity with which he handles the absurd, Peacock is always creating a world of farce, a world of dialectical farce. His "people who talk nonsense logically" are but the highbrow cousins of people who act out nonsense logically—which is what people in ordinary farce are doing.

Again, it is all too true that Peacock is very deficient in plot; and this, unlike his trick of characterization, is a more positive fault. For he does, however grudgingly, attempt to rig something up in the way of story: to bring mysterious strangers on the scene, or develop a wildly romantic love affair, or—as with the Shelleyan Scythorp of "Nightmare Abbey"—to involve a desperate hero with two women at once. But so indifferent is he to building up suspense, so willing to reveal what he pretends to be hiding, so given to hackneyed and highfalutin situations, that it would almost seem as if his plots, too, were conceived as burlesque. In their own right they are duds, but they do contribute something to the farcical atmosphere.

For it is the simplicity of Peacock's method, the light framework, the manageable proportions, that enable him to explore eccentricity without becoming eccentric, and to be erudite in his trifling without being obscure. If we compare a novel of Peacock's with, say, a novel of Aldous Huxley's, we at first decide that in a simpler age even the sophistication was simpler. But we at length conclude that he had the rapid swoop, and the sharp focus, of the unadulterated comic writer: he worked on a single plane, and so achieved a single effect. His romantic touches provide the atmosphere that suited, not him, but his intentions; though they can pass at times for poetry, they exist for satire. Peacock himself was not romantic; he had much more in common with the eighteenth century that gave him birth than with the nineteenth in which he grew up and grew old. From the eighteenth he inherited Reason, in its most Voltairean sense, and he used it to run a rapier through the new era's groping intellectualism. He inherited Enlightenment, which, though less enveloping than those who wore its mantle supposed, was perhaps more waterproof than the newer garment called Progress. In the end, however, we see chiefly a skeptical mind having its sport with dogmatic ideas. Peacock's satire is almost always aimed at theories, beliefs, opinions, philosophies of life—ranging from Rousseau and Kant to the wildest drivel; very seldom at human feeling and human character. It is in this sense that he is really limited, that he lacks fulness and mystery and something that can

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only be called passion. There are no knaves to go along with his fools; no sins to vary, or even flavor, the silliness; his people have no secrets worth discovering; only the mind is made comic, never the body. (Who ever created so many grotesque characters without bothering to say what any of them looked like?) And a world, even a farce world, that ignores the human heart is too incomplete for a full-fledged novel. But since there are a dozen good novelists for every writer like Peacock, his gifts are perhaps the more valuable, not the less, for being so special.

As a satirist he is special too, since he was in no sense a reformer. He has none of the moral heat or personal anger that animates a whole line of English satirists from Swift to Aldous Huxley, but neither has he the qualities that finally frustrate them. Peacock quite lacked Swift's desire to "make sin and folly bleed"; he had no interest in sin, and he preferred to let folly blow itself up till it burst. If he provides a moral, it concerns outlook, not conduct. Against mania in others he sets up his own belief in moderation; and such things as are said to make the angels weep merely moved Peacock to laughter.

Yet though no reformer, Peacock is not a cynic. If he refused to compromise his comic vision with any squinting expressions of earnestness, if he was, at bottom, no more of a Shaw than a Swift—and the point is important, because Peacock has certain resemblances to Shaw—he had a sound enough sense of values. He may merely have looked on at things, but the very image is proof that he did not turn his back. He belongs, in his own period, with the liberals. In one way or another, he said a good deal about the social and economic ills of his time. It is not for such things that we are persuaded to read Peacock now; but at least they are there.

What we read him for are what people have always read him for: his comic gifts, as they provide not profit but pleasure; the skill rather than the pertinence of his satire; the abounding wit; the polished style. The style, which as narrative and dialogue alike keeps a formal tone—partly from its indebtedness to eighteenth-century traditions, partly from its satiric exhibits of pompous learning—is, above everything else, compact. But it is rapid too, considering the retardations imposed by its wit, and easy, considering the weightiness of its language. Peacock is forever parodying the polysyllabic jargon of philosophy and science, but in his own right, too, he half-humorously admits a good many odd and learned words into his prose. The novels are a forest of Latinity, with an undergrowth of Greek; something like "digladiation" or "excubant" crops up on every page.

The wit, to which one is bound to return in writing of Peacock, and with which one could not better conclude, is plainly the best thing about him. Sometimes it characterizes: "He was an excellent sportsman, and almost always killed his game; but now and then he killed his dog." Sometimes it criticizes: "The state of the public charities, sir, is exceedingly simple. There are none. The charities here are all private, and so private, that I for one know nothing of them." Sometimes it pulverizes:

> "Allow me," said Mr. Gall. "I distinguish the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them, in the laying out of grounds, a third and distinct character, which I call *unexpectedness*."
>
> "Pray, sir," said Mr. Milestone, "by what name do you distinguish this character, when a person walks round the grounds for the second time?"

But the wit comes off best in longer and more sustained passages: in, say, the cutting description of the Coleridge-like Flosky, or in the massive utterances of the drunken Seithenyn, the key figure of that novel of Peacock's which stands rather apart from his other successes—the mythical "Misfortunes of Elphin."

Three Personal Histories

NO RETREAT. By Anna Rauschning. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.75.

FOUR YEARS OF NAZI TORTURE. By Ernst Winkler. D. Appleton–Century Company. $2.50.

THE BEASTS OF THE EARTH. By George M. Karst. Albert Unger Publishing Company. $2.50.

A MAN is known by the enemies he makes. The Nazis probably enjoy the distinction of having made the widest variety of enemies ever bagged by a single political movement. The trio whose books are reviewed here consists of two Catholics and a Protestant; two Germans and an Austrian; one soldier, one journalist, and one *Hausfrau*. Not one of them was a revolutionary. All were devout Christians. Only one had any strong political convictions prior to his clash with the Nazis.

Both Winkler and Karst—these names are of course assumed—were inmates of Nazi concentration camps, and their books are straightforward and completely convincing accounts of the horrors which they and their fellow-prisoners suffered there. Winkler was arrested because of his activities in the Catholic youth movement, which had been forced underground shortly before he undertook his duties. The reason for Karst's arrest remains a mystery, as does everything about his previous activities. We gather from the preface that he was a Viennese journalist and a Catholic.

Oddly enough, Winkler, the soldier, tells a far better story than Karst, the journalist. Karst is obviously hampered by the necessity of suppressing any information which might reveal his identity, for the protection, presumably, of those whom he has left behind in Vienna. Winkler, on the other hand, gives freely of himself as well as of his experiences, with an instinct for the truths that are stranger than fiction which any journalist might envy. Born of a military family and reared as a devout Catholic, he became an army officer as a matter of course. The conflict between his military traditions and his religious convictions had its crisis when Hitler came to power. Convinced that he could not serve God and Hitler, Winkler resigned his commission, and took the road which led to the concentration camp.

His fortitude under the unspeakable Nazi tortures reveals that Christian heroism still lives. His sympathy with the Jewish prisoners, his friendship with Niemöller, transcending sectarian boundaries, his sense of the dignity of man, never explicitly stated but implicit in his attitude toward his Nazi masters and his fellow-prisoners—all these are eloquent of

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the fact that a man's religion can be something more to him than a badge of respectability or a passport to a country club.

When the Nazis came to power, Winkler instantly recognized them as enemies, and made his decision at once. Anna Rauschning, on the other hand, spent years in trying to work out some way of living at peace with them and with herself as well. Her husband has already described the political currents through which the Rauschnings attempted to steer a delicate course: her own story is chiefly concerned with her struggle to shield her children from the moral degradation of the Nazi new order.

In 1929 the Rauschnings bought Warnau, an estate in the vicinity of Danzig, and set to work at farming. They hoped to root their young family in the soil. But the fates had other plans for Rauschning, and in 1933 he was offered and accepted a high office in the new pro-Nazi regime in Danzig. Gradually the sinister outside world closed in upon them. It was not possible for them to keep their son at home indefinitely in the care of tutors of their own choosing; they had to send him to school, where he was taught not to obey his parents and not to believe in God. In time it became impossible for their daughters to remain aloof from the Hitler *Mädchenbund,* where the "coarse and uneducated daughter" of a local farmer presided. The Rauschning girls were horrified by the prescribed lessons in "biology" given by this Bund leader, lessons whose chief object, it seemed, was the production of "state" babies.

Frau Rauschning became frantic. Yet she had no need of her husband's warnings that to remain aloof was dangerous. An uncomfortable feeling that her cook was spying upon her hardened into certainty. Eventually Frau Rauschning discovered that her children's governess, for years a trusted member of her household, was an informer, reporting her intimate conversations with her daughters. At such moments one is moved to deep sympathy with her struggle against forces too huge for her puny yardstick to measure, and too sinister for her *Hausfrau's* mind to grasp.

Like them, Anna Rauschning could recognize the enemy for what he was only when he trained his guns on her own home and children. It is to be feared that her judgment is bounded by the same narrow horizon when she estimates the virtues of her friends. Grateful for asylum in this country, she dedicates her book "To the United States of America, which has opened its arms to the lost children of the world"!

BETSY HUTCHISON

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Materialism and Democracy

A GENERATION OF MATERIALISM, 1871-1900. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

AMONG groups opposed to fascism the trend to a metaphysical reaction against the "materialism" of democracy is growing. Such groups hold "materialism" responsible for the crisis of the old order and urge the return to an "idealism," philosophical and religious, against which modern civilization had to fight to make its way. One group blames everything on Marx and Darwin; another belabors the "economic man," who despite his limitations brought a large measure of democracy and freedom while the "political man" of totalitarian statism limits or destroys them; a third calls for an absolute "spiritual authority" within whose tight embrace we shall live happily forevermore. Professor Hayes's book is a synthetic expression of all these views.

As a history of Europe from 1871 to 1900 this book is stimulating and suggestive. Professor Hayes, one of our able, civilized historians, finds his way easily among the sources and piles fact upon fact to make a living picture. Two chapters alone are worth the price of admission—Resurgence of Economic Nationalism and National Imperialism, and Seed-Time of Totalitarian Nationalism. In these chapters you *feel* democracy moving toward disaster. Revolutionary democratic nationalism is transformed into reactionary economic nationalism; upper-class liberals become conservative and reactionary; democracy fails to use economic forces in the service of welfare and allows them to become increasingly twisted in the service of militarism and imperialism; political conflicts multiply, and as one inflamed nationalism and imperialism clashes with another, a pathological craving for violence grows; racial myths and anti-Semitism are exploited to provide an ideological sanction for reaction. All social forces, including Marxism, labor unionism, and reform, converge to aggrandize the state power, to bring a cult of state worship. Nor is it simply the expression of the interests of one class but a general social and intellectual trend toward statism, which primarily characterizes the power-drives of "élites" from all classes. Hayes conveys an overwhelming impression of the growing economic, political, and intellectual malaise that brought World War I and its aftermath of totalitarian statism.

Yet there is no true understanding in this book of what happened and what to do about it. The reason is simple: this is a tract for the times that offers ready-made prescription for our ills. The prescription did not shape up as the book was written; the book was written to prove the prescription. Professor Hayes calls imperialism and statism the "fruition of liberalism"; he minimizes the new liberal forces opposed to the reactionary transformation and ignores the constructive economic forces and the democratic procedures and values out of which a new free world might be built. Materialism, according to Professor Hayes, is the devil in the piece. And what is materialism? Professor Hayes says much about later scientific work that exploded the mechanical materialism of the nineteenth century. But that is not his dominant idea. He condemns materialism as *"a frankly this-worldly pragmatism."* He belabors "scientific materialism" on one major point where it was right, in making life "a

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long series of *purely natural* steps." It is all an apology for churchism in its Catholic manifestation (whose anti-democratic support of feudal reaction is neglected). Statism is not wrong because it limits and destroys democracy, but because it "put the national state in place of the church as the cement of human society and as the intermediary between man and his salvation." The disunity of Europe came from its repudiation of the universal authority of the Roman church.

From Professor Hayes's analysis it seems that totalitarianism is a result of the "materialism" of democracy, social reform, and welfare! Yet fascism, too, rejects the "materialism" of democracy in favor of final authority and values. In an address he made before going to his post as American ambassador in Madrid, Professor Hayes attacked "pagan totalitarianism." Is, then, "Christian" totalitarianism all right? Franco is supported and blessed by the church hierarchy in Spain, while the hierarchy in Italy made its peace with Mussolini.

Professor Hayes insists that "ultimate truth cannot be arrived at by methods of experimental science." True, for there is no ultimate truth. But neither has ultimate truth been revealed to the church. Neo-Thomists disingenuously argue that no conflict can arise between the church and science, since "true" science must necessarily be in harmony with truth revealed to the church! It is no accident that Neo-Thomism strengthens totalitarian intellectual trends, for the claim to final truth and universal religious authority is totalitarian. It is no accident that some Neo-Thomists—e. g. Jacques Maritain—are not too excited about totalitarianism, for they feel it may bring a revival of the church's universal supremacy. They make the same mistake that big business and communism made in Germany: "We come after fascism." Religion can flourish as a human moral force only in a democracy, where it is one of many cultural institutions.

Fascism is a catastrophe for civilization. Let us beware lest, in an effort to promote cherished dogmas, we strengthen and promote ideas that may strengthen fascism or bring totalitarianism in other forms. Let us look into the real world and among all men of good will for the forces and action of humanist democracy and freedom. The messianic approach, whether conservative or radical, religious or political, is dangerous. For it is not true that *our* faith *must* conquer or that it alone offers salvation to man. LEWIS COREY

Poets and Scholars

PRINCETON VERSE BETWEEN TWO WARS: AN ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Allen Tate. Princeton University Press. $2.50.

BETWEEN 1916 and 1925 three volumes of Princeton verses were published. In those three volumes appeared the work of many men who have gained distinction in the field of letters, though not usually as poets: Edmund Wilson, John Peale Bishop, Raymond Holden, R. P. Tristram Coffin, F. Scott Fitzgerald, T. K. Whipple, and Henry Chapin. In the present collection appears work by eleven men who are now undergraduate students at Princeton and by twenty-five men who have been, at one time or another, undergraduate or graduate students there. Certainly very few of these eleven undergraduates will become known as poets. A few of the more mature contributors, such as Theodore Spencer, Philip Horton, and A. Fleming MacLiesh, have already made some reputation as poets; most of them have already committed themselves to other occupations. But these considerations, like the fact that only a few of the contributors to the earlier anthologies are now known as poets, do not materially affect the significance of "Princeton Verse Between Two Wars."

The collection is significant as a symptom of a tendency to bring the arts, as practiced, and not merely as a subject for scholarship, into closer contact with the academic world. No doubt this tendency, which can be observed in several colleges and universities, has its dangers: there is the danger that scholarship may be infected with dilettantism and that the arts may be infected with academicism and snobbery. But these dangers seem trivial in comparison with the potential gains. The teaching of literature, for instance, could well profit by a fuller understanding of the nature and vital processes of literature. And contemporary writing could well profit, in intellectual depth and technical range, by a more intimate contact with the literature of the past. It is possible that such a tendency may help to raise both artistic and academic standards. It is sometimes said that the true poet or fiction writer and the true scholar can take care of themselves. In one sense this is perfectly right. But the writer or professor is not, after all, working in a vacuum; he is part of a society, and in so far as that society can be made aware of the values both of the arts and of scholarship, and of the relationship between those values, each will profit.

Even if it contained no very good poems, the collection would still be interesting as a symptom. But there are a number of very good poems in the book, and a large amount of skilful and intelligent verse. In this connection it is particularly satisfying to observe the high level of the work by contributors who are still students. Even if none of these eleven young men becomes a poet, it can still be said that poetry is alive in the academic community of which, at present, they are members. ROBERT PENN WARREN

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The NATION'S New Literary Page

Louis Kronenberger's comment on Thomas Peacock in the present issue, is the second of the informal commentaries on reading and writing which are to be a regular bi-weekly feature. Future contributors will include Lionel Trilling, Irwin Edman, Joseph Wood Krutch, Louise Bogan, Mark Van Doren, Jacques Barzun, James Thurber, and others. * * * *

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MUSIC

MERELY to use words in metrical patterns, or paints in coherent forms, or musical sounds in coherent progressions—is something which not everyone can do, something which requires specific ability or talent. This is not to say the talent is rare; on the contrary, it is common: a large number of people have this facility with words, paints, or sounds. But only a few produce valuable poetry, painting, or music; for this requires more than mere articulateness in an artistic medium. Involved with this articulateness, operating through it, crystallized in the completed form are the artist's personal resources—what he is in character, mind, feeling, what he has lived through, what his experience has done to him and for him, what understanding and insight it has given him. They give his work of art its meaning, its character, its style; and where these impress us as important or great it is because the articulateness in the medium relates itself, in the artist, to an inner core of important or great qualities, emotions, insights—an inner core which governs the flow of words, paints, or sounds, eliminates what is superfluous, what is imitative or derivative, and produces a style, a form, a content which are concentratedly, homogeneously individual.

The mere existence of Shostakovitch's Seventh Symphony is evidence of talent: most of us could not produce an hour and a quarter of symphonic music, or even the first minute. Shostakovitch is able to make sounds follow sounds the first minute, the second minute, and every succeeding minute to the seventy-fifth; he is able to produce sounds for every requirement of structure and meaning—every theme, every manipulation, every transition, every climax, every detail of expressive content—of an hour-and-a-quarter-long symphony concerned with the struggle and final victory of humanity over barbarism; he is able to produce sounds that are now in this style, now in that, orchestrated now this way, now that, now loud, now soft, fast, slow, excited, calm, boldly assertive, quietly introspective, dramatic, lyric, ironic, pastoral, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, and in the end Soviet Russian affirmative-triumphant.

But the music that is all these is derivative, eclectic: one hears the conventional pastoral style of the past two centuries; one hears this style melodically and harmonically distorted in the manner of Shostakovitch—which is derived from Prokofiev; one hears a long crescendo of repetitions of one theme in the manner of Ravel's "Bolero," including the unceasing snare-drum; among the other things one hears even—surprisingly—a passage for strings in the manner of Sibelius. The music also is diffuse, saying everything at enormously expanded length; it is as pretentious in style as in length; and what it says so pretentiously is feeble, inane, banal. Pretentiousness leaps out at one from that long crescendo of repetitions of one theme—the pretentiousness of the conception, the intention, of the inane theme itself, of the unresourceful, crude, blatant variations in accompanying figuration and orchestration that are devised for the repetitions, of the noise that is resorted to at the end. And these qualities of the music represent the personal resources that are involved with Shostakovitch's articulateness in his medium.

One notes, however, that the pretentious banalities, the grandiloquent fervors and affirmations are of the sort to impress an unsophisticated mass audience; that the constant shifting from one striking idea, style, figuration, instrumental combination to another—now pastoral oboe over strings, now this pastoral style melodically and harmonically distorted, now dissonant noise, now a solo bassoon, now a long crescendo of repetitions of one theme, now portentously plucking basses, now a combination of trumpet, harp, and contrabassoon—is a way of catching this audience's ear each time that it is about to be lost. One notes, in short, that the symphony represents not only Shostakovitch's resources but the ideas which govern musical composition in Russia.

Shostakovitch himself has contended that "there can be no music without ideology. The old composers, whether they knew it or not, were upholding a political theory. Most of them, of course, were bolstering the rule of the upper classes. Only Beethoven was a forerunner of the revolutionary movement . . . [who] wished to give new ideas to the public and rouse it to revolt against its masters." His own end as a Soviet composer is "to contribute . . . toward the growth of our remarkable country"; to write music expressive of the conception of "our epoch as something heroic, spirited, and joyous," music which "lifts and heartens and lightens people for work and effort," music which these people can understand, and which he therefore endeavors to make "simple and expressive." And a Soviet critic, Grigori Schneerson, has described the Soviet composer as one who "plunges into the social currents swirling round him" and responds to "the demands of the wide masses of people, their artistic tastes" by speaking to them "in a new, powerful, and intelligible language." The democratization of music in Russia would, then, have this effect if Beethoven were living there today: not that the masses would be given the privilege of hearing the last quartets in which Beethoven expressed mystical states of inner illumination and superearthly exaltation, but that he would be made to write on the level of emotion and language of the masses. What it has meant in Shostakovitch's case is that grandiloquently banal affirmations have been added to the distorted grimacings and grotesqueries of his own inclination.

Actually Mozart's G minor Symphony did not bolster the Hapsburg monarchy and Beethoven's last quartets did not undermine it; these works neither upheld nor attacked any political theory; they did not originate in any external events. Mozart and Beethoven wrote from internal compulsions; they expressed their own unique personal emotions and insights in their own unique languages and styles; they wrote for the listener with educated sensitivities who would be able to understand them. All this may condemn them in Russian eyes almost as much as if they had written to bolster the Hapsburg monarchy; but it produced the G minor Symphony and the last quartets; whereas if Mozart and Beethoven had written in a way that satisfied the Russians they would have produced works like Beethoven's notorious "Battle" Symphony.

And on the other hand Shostakovitch can turn from the battlefield straight to his pen and music paper; he can produce an hour-and-a-quarter-long symphony that expresses, in terms which the Russian masses understand, the struggle and final victory of humanity over barbarism as they imagine and feel it; his symphony can move listeners in other countries by its associations with events in which their emotions are involved; but what plays on their emotions about the sufferings and heroism of the Russian people is an excessively long piece of bad music.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Followers of Martov

Dear Sirs: In the July 25 issue of your magazine you published a statement to the effect that I and my friends M. Werner and A. Yugov had been expelled from the Russian Social-Democratic Party.

This statement is totally false. There have been no such expulsions, nor is there in New York any party committee that would be empowered to expel us.

As for the "increasing sympathy for Bolshevism," a characterization of that kind will certainly not give your readers an accurate conception of the views of that theory of Russian Social Democracy which Mr. Werner, Mr. Yugov, and I represent. Our view, called "Martov's theory" after our party leader who died in 1923, emerged in the very beginning of the Bolshevist Revolution. It involved a critical attitude toward the theory of Bolshevism and was even more critical of the terroristic and dictatorial practices of Bolshevism, among the victims of which members of our group happen to be numbered. Nevertheless, we have at no time been blind in our fight against Bolshevism. We witnessed the gigantic transformation of the country's entire economic, social, and cultural existence and recognized that, however great the mistakes of Bolshevism, it could be only on the basis of a consolidation and further development of these genuine accomplishments of the revolution that the dictatorial regime could be replaced by a democratic one.

It is precisely this attitude which enabled Mr. Yugov to predict and describe the growth of the Soviet Union's economic might, and Mr. Werner to disclose the growing military strength of the Soviet Union, which has been such a striking revelation to the world. It was this view, too, which gave our group the faith, during even the darkest period of the German-Russian Pact, that the Soviet Union would inevitably return to the anti-Hitler front, and which enabled us to predict the colossal role it would play within this front despite its dictatorial regime—not alone as a military but also as a political factor.

Our position enables us not only to devote our own strength to the cause of victory for the Soviet Union, but also to call for aid on all those who cherish the highest ideals of mankind. Our attitude is not dictated by "sympathy for Bolshevism," but by our loyalty to the cause of freedom, democracy, and socialism.

THEODOR DAN

New York, August 4

[We are glad to accept Mr. Dan's correction and to publish the facts about his position and that of his associates. As for the expression "increasing sympathy for Bolshevism," it was used loosely and inaccurately. "Increasing sympathy for Russia" would have been more exact and would have expressed our meaning. Needless to say, the comment even as it stood implied no criticism whatever of the men mentioned.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Still for Evacuation

Dear Sirs: I took pains in my article to acknowledge the Americanism of many of our citizens of Japanese descent, and I am sorry if any of them feels that I have complicated a difficult personal situation. I discussed the Hawaiian Japanese at all only because I believed a critical danger affecting the national safety had gone unrecognized.

I cannot accept Mr. Ige's sweeping refutations as an answer to that danger. It takes a large, competent, and ruthless force of secret police, one that is not too squeamish about catching a few boots with its fish, to control a fifth column. Where would the F.B.I. get the men who could so much as find their way around Hawaii's Little Tokyos during a blackout, let alone distinguish between loyal and disloyal?

Mr. Ige's is the customary rationalization for the widespread dual citizenship of Hawaiian-born Japanese. If "many are still dependents of aliens . . . and therefore cannot act independently," why should we assume that they could act independently of the same alien Japanese in other matters—in clogging the road to Pearl Harbor with civilian automobiles, for example, as a captain in the naval medical corps, W. H. Michael, suggests in the August *Harpers* may have been the case on December 7? Others are not dependents at all, or are dependents of parents who like themselves claim the full benefits of American citizenship without renouncing their loyalty to Japan. It is only fair to point out also that if positive action is necessary on the part of a citizen for expatriation, it likewise took positive action on the part of his parents to establish dual citizenship in the first place, and the attitude of Japanese parents in Hawaii is at least as important in this war as the attitude of Japanese youths.

What Mr. Ige is writing about is the Hawaii of myth. If the islands' Japanese really read American magazines, a good many circulation managers must wonder where they get them. Their purchases certainly do not show up in ABC reports from Japanese-inhabited areas. On the other hand, I always found plenty of Tokyo-published material on Japanese newsstands in Hawaii. The literate Honolulu Japanese, if they do read English, also read the two Japanese-language dailies, each with a circulation of around 10,000, both of which until December 7 got their Asiatic news straight from the Japanese Foreign Office via Domei.

As Mr. Ige acknowledges, the question of Japanese loyalty is the nut of the argument. My point is that there is a good deal of doubt about the loyalty of at least some of a people with enemy racial connections who inhabit an area so vital that we must be sure of all loyalties there. I made it plain enough in my article that we could be sure of some Japanese Americans. But there are also many bits of evidence that others have proved themselves disloyal. I did not use them in my article because I have had no opportunity to verify them, but this one comes from a sufficiently reliable source to bear repeating. It concerns the test that came to three Japanese on the little island of Niihau of the Hawaiian group on December 7, when a crippled Japanese plane landed there. The pilot, with the aid of the three local Japanese, set up a miniature military dictatorship that was broken only when American authorities arrived on the scene. There were only three Japanese on the island, but they were 100 per cent for the emperor. I think we may be excused for asking if there are not at least a few more in the 150,000 of similar sympathies. If we believe that there are, and if we can't find out *who* they are, only blanket measures will suffice. Of these it seems to me that evacuation is the most efficient and the fairest all around.

ALBERT HORLINGS

Manhattan, Kansas, August 7

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